THE EXCAVATOR

Vol. i, No. 1 — May 6, A. M. (After Morgan) — Wednesday

nuts?

Twelve State profs were released from Napa State Hospital yesterday just in time to arrive for their classes. A lunatic escoped, hid in the profs' lunchroom, and the men with the butterfly nets invaded the jerns. The result: they had to take out profs to make sure the right guy didn't escape.

zasso?

Don't forget to attend the College Theater's presentation of "Sun Up," directed by her royal majesty, Miss "Casey" Casebolt. . . . The play takes place Friday, beginning at 8:20 p. m. at the Community Playhouse . . . bring your own ammunition . . . no vegetables or fruit for sale in the lobby.

VOTE SCANDAL BREAKS ON CAMPUS

As We never seeit

EMBARRASSED!
SH! SECRETS!
THIS FUNNY BUSINESS!
DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT!

By LEAN COBBLESTONES

[illegible] the editors of the Golden [illegible] barrassed, as was Mr. Wil[illegible]lph Hearst (This name is [illegible] list) when a young and [illegible] journalist hitted something [illegible] Hearst's sheet that plagues [illegible] comes every morning. Seeking [illegible] the editors that he had [illegible] it takes" to become a member [illegible] minor editions of the self [illegible] sheet, he decided that a [illegible] the masters was what he [illegible] with plagarism laughing [illegible] he handed in a story that [illegible] had run in the Ex of two [illegible]ous.

* * *

[illegible] cherubs, don't believe [illegible] that goes on around this [illegible] The person that writes the [illegible]side Issue, for a rival publi[illegible] more of a plagarist than you [illegible]ve. What he forgot to tell [illegible] that a certain coach, who [illegible] been a Farmer, was ready [illegible] the self same writer of Inside [illegible]use the person decided that [illegible] see the advantage of sup[illegible] the words of wisdom that [illegible]rom the coach. In fact, the [illegible] had apoplexy in the Pub[illegible] office.

* * *

Never Saw It, the college [illegible] for a rude awakening if the [illegible]everal matters were made [illegible] the populace. In fact, it [illegible]ly funny that the President [illegible]dege is the one that is doing [illegible]ting of the so-called new [illegible]. It seems queer because [illegible] rumors recently that Ed [illegible]as about to take lessons in [illegible]ing. Another thing that has [illegible]ed is the rumor that Art [illegible] supposed to be a master [illegible] and is under the hands of [illegible] that rules Art; who in turn [illegible] who in turn riles the Ex. [illegible] because he occasionally disturbs their slumbers; and, who in turn [illegible] students, because when they [illegible] disturbed from their slumbers [illegible] means that some student [illegible]anization has to pay, and pay [illegible] the nose." But, mind you, [illegible] only rumors, just rumors.

* * *

[illegible]ext lesson for today, my [illegible] the extremely important one [illegible] yes and then saying no and [illegible]ning yes while you say no, [illegible] meaning no while you say [illegible]n't ask us to explain it, we [illegible] But the executive board might, [illegible] the brilliant type, according [illegible] reports. But the secret of the [illegible]atter lies in two clauses of the [illegible]h job that the Board ordered [illegible] Constitution Corporation of [illegible] Cave Inc. In one paragraph [illegible]ord divorces itself from the [illegible]bility of standing behind the [illegible] any college club or organiza[illegible] the next paragraph they take [illegible]t to pass on all debts incurred [illegible] groups. If my reading teacher [illegible]me the English language, and [illegible] she did, then this means the [illegible] board is assuming the re[illegible]bility for the debts. Are we [illegible] or what——

* * *

We add to our don't believe a word [illegible]ment. Indeed it is not true that [illegible] Jessie Casebolt will allow the [illegible] players to present "The Chil[illegible] Hour."

"Sun Up," Friday at 8:20 p. m. at [illegible]mmunity Playhouse, 609 Sutter. 50c.

We were thinking of putting the staff box right here on the front page, since that is the only place where it hasn't been placed during the last semester. But even a Razz issue can carry things too far, so we've put it back on the feature page, in its regular spot.

The Ideal Man

Figure ..... Bill Leonhart
Personality ..... Jack Werchick
Mustache ..... Johnny Soso
Legs ..... Kenny Wilkes
Hair ..... Gene Corbett
Size ..... Cy Atkinson
Voice ..... Harold Jacobs
Feet ..... Erwin Bischoff
"It" ..... Hal Beseman
Head ..... (swell) Ru Stone

Pledges Declare War On Phi Lamb Actives

Shirlie Senk, Communist Leader, Headed the Revolt as Actives Severely Beaten in Chaos That Followed the Uprising—Deaths Unknown

Pledges have their inning every now and then, and the Phi Lambda Chi pledges had a no hit, no run game last March 27 when they turned tables on the actives and did their own initiating.

The pledges' revolt led by Miss Shirlie Senk (debator, ex-journalist and now handbook editor) was a huge success. Inasmuch as there are 60 new little neophites and only about half that number of the oldsters, they were able to do much toward upsetting the dignity of the sorority house.

All the pledges were herded in to one room and the door locked on them, then a small council was held as to just what would be done with the unfortunates. While this small council of war was going on, a larger council was taking place under the communistic leadership of Miss Senk assisted by Miss Betty Brown.

As the door slowly opened to permit one pledge out to receive the beating due her, sixty hetty girls leaned on the door and chaos took over the house. Paddles were snatched, actives likewise were grabbed—paddles were applied to the places they would do the most good and the battle was on.

One after another, the Phi Lamb's received their beatings, as the pledges worked down towards the end of the line, the spankings were not quite so severe. (Strength had given out, you see.) Betty Macdonald, sorority prexy, was mighty glad her name started with an M and not an A—reason stated above.

Now there is always a moral to a story and this has one, too. Don't Ever Pledge More Girls Than There Are in the Active Chapter! The pledge revolt this year was mild, it is rumored that if the situation occurs again, the treatment will be much more harsh.

REVIVE COMPULSORY ANNUAL FEE

Compulsory annual fees will be resumed starting next semester according to reports seeping into the offices of the Excavator. A charge of 75 cents per semester will be levied, half of the former price, and probably either an annual volume will appear or a magazine will be published each semester.

Due to the difficulty of obtaining subscriptions and funds to publish the annual this year, it was deemed wisest to either make the annual compulsory at a lower rate or abolish it entirely. Support from the student body was visibly lacking, due either to lack of interest or procrastination.

Last year, prior to the establishment of the S. F. J. C., it was believed that reduction of fees would reduce the possibility of many prospective State students transferring to the junior college on account of lowered fees. Therefore, the annual money was removed from the list by the faculty. However, it was found that the J. C. had little or no effect on enrollment at State in spite of fees, so that the move was of little consequence.

Regarded by the Executive Board as "a publication, not a student body project," the annual has been put out by a meagre staff against the greatest odds. Board members, disregarding the fact that staff members are student body appointees, disclaimed any responsibility for supporting the book, and with the lack of interest shown by the student body, accumulation of funds comparable with past annuals has been out of the question. Return to the old compulsory system has been found necessary to establish the yearbook of the future.

CO-OP GAMBLING HITS NEW HIGH

Raising an outcry against the gambling den maintained in the Co-op, victims of the "ring" today supplied exclusive information to the **Excavator** concerning the magnitude of the octopus that is snaring the hard-earned pennies of the men and women of State.

Heading the ring were two gambling scions, who, according to the victims, devised new games to insure the complete "cleaning," if victims managed to escape from the black-jack, poker bridge, whist, and fan-tan games with car-fare or money for the cup of mud which the Co-op calls "coffee." Closely connected with the group are Frank "Shark" Muldoon, and "Ace-in-the-hole" Glassburg.

Well, Gracie, How's the Fish?

This, my friends, is a conversation heard one day in the student body office. The telephone has a lock on it, so that it is reserved for student body business:

"Hello, Operator, get me Fillmore (exact number forgotten) . . . Oh, hello, is this you Grandma? . . . This is Grace, Grandma, I just phoned to ask if you sent Sonny down for the fish yet. That's swell, would you send him down now, and tell him to buy another slice; I'm bringing home a guest. What? . . . Oh yes, he's coming alone. Goodbye Grandma."

Boy, is your face crimson, Grace!

Effie Broadcasts Facts of Life From Lawn Show

Necking and biology classes just don't seem to mix, according to the complaints received when someone put on a show for B. S. 6 class not so many weeks ago. The loving couple were on the lawn in front of Anderson Hall.

Bystanders have attributed the complaints to the fact that an examination was going on in the class at the same time. It was found to be very difficult to watch the technique of the act and pass the exam.

But outside help was given by Miss Effie McFadden, instructor of the biologically-minded ones—she gave them play-by-play description of the pair. At one time she became very excited and upset the class momentum by exclaiming in too loud a tone: "Now, he's using caveman tactics."

Harold Jacobs, ex-radio entertainer and Rooty-Toot cartoonist, seemed to be very upset about the whole deal and exclaimed to the Excavator reporter, "In the future, I hope such a thing will be refrained from on the college campus." He even went so far as to think it was disgraceful. (Editor's note: Was it jealousy or did he realize the hopelessness of the situation?)

GOLDEN EAGLES STILL LEAD

Inasmuch as the name "Golden Eagles" was originally suggested by Erwin Bischoff, and due to the fact that he is editor of one of the issues, the title is "still heading the list" which he composed.

Bischoff also included such names as "Vacqueros" (which he put in second place), "Metropolitans" (taken from the picture of the same name), "Dragons" (from Boy Scout manual), "Cavaliers" (from courses with the Cave brothers), "Hawks" (from the aviator), and other proposals which he originated.

A news article regularly appears in his issue telling of the progress of the "contest," upon which he votes whenever it's time to go to press. So far, he has withheld voting from the general public for fear that the count of the headline above this story would have to be changed.

The Ideal Woman

Figure ..... Nadell Nathan
Personality ..... Shirlie Senk
Legs ..... Dorothy Hart
Feet ..... Alice Moron(ey)
Hair .. Audrey Stewart (hay, hay)
Size ..... Sylvia Keller
Voice ..... Gail Andrews
Head ... (swell) Rose Marie Angelica Haas

FOREWORD

This "Razz" issue differs decidedly from those of the past in having all of its articles true. We may modify that statement by saying that some of them are only partially true, but all contain an element of truth. After all, there are some stories which even a "Razz" issue may not print and don't think that we don't know them, because we do!

Our editorial explains our policy. May we reiterate, this is all in fun, and we hope you take the "rag" in that spirit. If we have hurt anyone, we assure you it has been unintential, for we have tried to be as careful as possible. Also, some of our material came from YOU, since copy was anonymously placed in the box in the Co-op—therefore if we have the wrong information, it must rest on the students, for all of our other material was assembled and checked by accurate reporters. We have tried to vary this a little—hope you like it.

—The Idioter.

Debating Junkets 'Explained' by King For Pres. Moron

Texas Trip Via Chicago Lets Debaters See U. S. A. First

Delta Sigma, headed by Dictator K. M. King, were hard put to talk themselves out of an indictment made by the Executive Board, under the leadership of Edward Moron, in answer to the charge that they were the highest-priced organization per capita on the State campus.

Focal point in the attack was the recent junket made by a trio from the Delta Sigma organization to Houston. The inquiry was being made as to just why the group had to go to Houston via Chicago and other points, that are some thousands of miles out of the direct route to the Texas city.

Ostensibly the purpose of the tour was to enter the Pi Kappa Delta debate tournament and to secure a charter for a chapter of that organization for State.

Dictator King was preparing an answer to the charge that the trip was a sham and that he had information stating that the team would not be allowed to enter the tourney and that State would be refused a charer before the trio ever started on their trip to "See America First."

It is expected that King will also have to answer the question as to how he was able to leave his classes to play chaperone to State's "Wandering Dunces," pardon, we mean debaters, and still not suffer any consequences.

One of the salient points of the investigation was the refusal of the debate organization to pay a bill for an Oregon lamppost. Since they are one of the richest paid groups on the campus, averaging $10 per member, the committee in charge of the investigation charged Delta Sigma with the duty of paying for the lamppost, assertedly wrecked on one of the earlier junkets to the debate tournament of Linfield, Oregon.

Added to the Executive Board investigation was the disclosure that the fraternity was graft ridden and was being run by a small group.

One of this group, a sub-lieutenant of the Dictator, was said to have declared, "I run this organization, I can do anything and put anybody in office that I please."

The fight over the control of the organization was being centered around the office of President, although that office is nothing more than a figurehead position and is used to hide the workings of the inner ring.

The present scandal is revolving around the candidacy of Jack Werchick. The often-defeated candidate for public office, is being put on the spot by the above mentioned sub-lieutenant, who is marshalling three candidates to pit against the twice-defeated candidate for the Delta Sigma office. Werchick has declared that the third time might be the charm, if he leaves out the fact that he has been defeated for yell leader, and for the Board of Publications, as well as being twice beaten for the Delta presidency.

"Sun Up," Friday at 8:20 p. m. at Community Playhouse, 609 Sutter. 50c.

CAMPAIGN TACTICS, CHARTER UNDER FIRE

Hurl Charges of Favoritism As Signs For Candidates Invade Polls. Group Declares Moron Playing Politics With Constitution

A new "high" in political adroitness and puppetry was revealed at the Student Body elections last Wednesday. Dictatorship, in the personage of Ed Morgan; puppetry, in the form of the "Executive" Bored; "sportsmanship," displayed by a certain candidate for treasurer and his athletic cohorts; the usual secret run-off, and finally the beautiful and soul-touching interpretations of the Constitution by Ed "Young Tammany" Jr.—all of these were exhibited for the amusement of the students.

Exit Morgan

Breakdown of the elaborate "House of Morgan" political machine, otherwise known as the Executive Board, is predicted by those in the "know," now that the ultra-politician is giving his last performance. Save the paper, Morgan, it's the last time this cut will appear.

From the **Gater** of April 17: "All persons who wish to run for office must have their petitions in at the S. B. Office without fail by Monday noon," Ed Morgan stated today. "The rule in this respect will be strictly observed, and **none who submit petitions after the above time will** receive any consideration or approval."

Moron Extends Time

Then the same Mr. Moron (no politician he!) extended the inviolable time to Wednesday because "it is anticipated that more names will be added to the list by this means." And to make sure that more names WERE added, the same executive, with his own lily-white hands, proceeded to pass out the blanks to whomever he first contacted in the halls, so that "competition might be given those running for office," as he said. In this manner, D——l, H———ns, a member of the "House" by virtue of his class office, managed to sneak in as a last-minute candidate. To make the race for treasurer a little keener, Ed told the other candidate that only 46 out of the 80 signatures which he submitted were eligible, and therefore he could not run—BUT, when the prexy was forced to extend the time so that the "House" candidate might get h signatures, he decided that all of these 80 were probably all right, since now there was sufficient time to get the required signatures!

Hopkins Chisels In

Friend H———s, of course, only had 43½ units, and, even with additions from the U. C. summer and intersessions, a maximum of 55½. Comrade Moron, ever ready to uphold a fellow member of the "Executive" Bored, performed his first great interpretation of the Constitution, when he informed a student objector at the nomination rally that H————ns was an upper-division student. Despite this interpretation by prexy, the Registrar's Office and Dean John Butler still maintain that the candidate does not, in the widest sense of "interpretation," hold such a rating. OUR NEW TREASURER IS STILL A LOWER-DIVISION STUDENT. As one faculty member put it, "I

(Continued on page 3)

BARNEY EMBARRASSES P. E. MAJORS

Most embarrassing were the situations in which the P. E. Majors found themselves in the last two semesters. Full of brotherly love and thoughtfulness, the group has collected all of the exes during the past years, so that the compulsory courses with Dr. Edna Barney (B. S. 24, 121, 126, etc.) might not be too difficult for those who followed. Therefore, it was not unusual for the normal curves to be very, very decidedly accented on the A and B side.

But alas, the judgment day dawned. Last semester, the anatomy class received a rude shock when the good Dr. Barney announced to one and all that she had made out a **new** set of exes and that they might just as well "throw away all the old ones." Yes, the normal curve regained a little of its previous nature!

And, lo and behold, the poor lads and lassies in the other classes have now realized that the same change in quizzes has been made for the remainder of their classes. So it looks like the "four-year" P. E. course, which usually takes five years, is likely to string out a little longer. Tsk, tsk!

Convenient Arrangement Aids Summer Session

"It is merely a coincidence." Dean Mary Ward emphasized this fact when asked about the connection between summer session courses and those of next semester. Inquiries regarding education courses had sent an Excavator reporter to Miss Ward for information.

Education 330, a **parallel curriculum** course (to be taken at the same time as teaching) is scheduled in the fall semester as being at 10:10 a.m. However, teaching assignments are made from 9 to 11 o'clock, so that it is **impossible to take this course** at the same time as teaching.

But, the same course is offered in summer session.

BOARD BECOMES BORED BOUNCING BUMS

Changes in the Bored of Pubs have become so frequent that it is no longer news. In fact, the **Gater** no longer bothers to run a story telling of the latest replacements. Mass appointments have been the rule, what with anyone obtaining a position.

And could it have been purposely done that two former editors and other more qualified students were overlooked in the electing of persons at large to fill the positions? Or maybe the persons voting for new members don't like the staff anymore . . .

THE JOY OF BEING EDITOR

Getting out this little paper is no picnic.
If we print jokes people think we are silly;
If we don't they say that we're too serious.
If we clip things from other papers
We are too lazy to write them ourselves;
If we don't we are too fond of our own stuff.
If we don't print contributions,
We don't appreciate true genius;
If we do print them the paper is filled with junk.
Now like as not someone will say,
We swiped this from some other paper.
WE DID. (J. W. G.)

The Broken Sink

By FLOWING WATER

When Vern Whitney began "carrying the mail" for Uncle Sam instead of State, Hal Harden's team suffered the loss of a fine pitcher. With Wit, George Powles might have been given the rest which he needed to win the few games which the nine lost. With only one actual hurler, Harden and Co. are to be congratulated on the splendid showing they have made.

* * *

Billy Rose is manager of the baseball team, in case anyone doesn't know it by this time. The "Boy Wonder" of the Newmans, who created a new high in batting averages, just eats up publicity of any sort and even signs his letters, "B. Rose, baseball manager of State." But the poor kid probably has been waiting for a reputation for so long that he's now dizzy with delight. If he looks around, however, he will find that such a cerebral expansion is getting him into difficulties.

* * *

Criticism of the sport page has been given by the athletes, who claim frosh sport editors don't know enough about the college. Perhaps this is true, but the editors have gone out for sports to make themselves acquainted with players, coaches, and actual games, so that they might write better. Again, the only persons interested in writing sports are these kids, for none of the critics have shown up to try to write articles to improve the page. Give 'em a chance!

* * *

We could say a lot regarding what happened at a meeting of athletes, who discussed coaches, mostly pro, with an eye to the future. However, even a razz issue can carry disclosures too far, so this is one article which will never be printed. But certain persons should get off the dime before it's too late.

* * *

The P. E. Department is overlooking a fine prospect for the crew in Al Cartwright.

At least he can certainly stroke, if his petting exhibitions on the lawn are any indication of his ability.

AT LAURIE'S

IT'S STOCKTON'S BUFFET LUNCH

Drop in for special lunches, dinners, or just get a cup of coffee.

Across from Frederic Burk

MARKET AND HERMAN STS.

EXEC. BORED LEADS WAY FOR POLITICIANS

Even though the San Francisco State College does not give a course in the art of Political Diplomacy the institution seems to have its share of diplomats. In fact, the student's executive board appears to have the appearances and actions of any other popularly elected organization. Supposed to be amateurs in the field they can keep up with any congressmen in the art of straddling important issues. They follow the same technique, viz., they listen to all ills, are effectual "YES MEN," have two arguments, one for the school administrators and one for the public, create a large hue and cry for a few days, then get so absorbed in a new minor subject that they just haven't the time to correct some of the major problems of the students.

To further the point in question, take for instance the Student Union idea that was raised by a few conscientious and earnest students. What happened? The usual hue and cry was raised, the plan was ballyhooed as the greatest thing that ever hit S. F. State College. All the board members were loud in praise of the project UNTIL another group of their dear public thought that they were being too one sided, then the enthusiasm began to wane. (Modus Politico.) In their zeal to satisfy the opponents of the Students Union idea they just pigeonholed the idea via the route of a dead committee. This art of diplomacy as practiced at State has many glaring examples of passing the buck. This can best be illustrated by comparing What has been DONE with What has been Said concerning the following issues that have come up before our very efficient and diplomatic student executive board. The issues in question are:

1. What is to be done about the Students Co-op and Cafeteria?
2. The Students Union bubble.
3. The Roberts Field financing plan.

All of these issues went through the various stages of political diplomacy (modus politico) and with the same results. Try to find the results of just one of the issues.

Maybe now that the college is not so concerned in turning out teachers the students may be able to do and say things through their executive board without fear of being ostracized for the rest of their careers for being a progressive liberal.

For Breakfast, Lunch or Dinner

DUTCH TWINS DELICATESSEN

HAIGHT AND FILLMORE

GOLDEN PANTHERS

We're still stuck with that horrible mascot, the Alligator. . . . No fooling, we tried mighty hard to change our monicker, but me-o-my, were we successful? Alas, we were not.

Ah, but why not change our mascot to "Golden Panthers"? Why? Because, youse guys and gals, we have a picture (the ootey-cutey one that you see above) of that snarling, battling beast. And—after all—why should we waste it?

And, we know just what to do with our old mascot. Free of charge for nothing, we can give it to the University of San Francisco. As pictured below, in a startling photoe, the Yousoffs are fighting with the Staters for the honor of the name.

THEY CAN HAVE IT; THEY CAN HAVE IT.

EXECUTIVE BOARD NOTES

The twenty-eighth regular meeting of the Executive Board was called to order by President Edward Morgan, on Monday, April 20, at 7:15 p.m.

Roll was called and all were found present since Miss Conlan was excused.

Minutes of the previous meeting were approved as read.

Communications

A communication was received from Dr. Roberts granting us the eleven o'clock for Campaign rally on April 27.

A communication was received from Dean Ward submitting the following names to be voted on for Chairman of Summer Session. Names submitted were: Eldred Bates, Dorothy Deming, and Ruth Walker.

A communication was received from Mr. King concerning State students who broke into his home while he was away on a trip.

Committee Reports

Mr. Mirande reported that tickets for all dances could be sold in Mr. Nee's office hereafter. This would provide for a central location at which all tickets would be sold.

Mr. Cockrum reported that he would get the Public Address System horn as soon as possible.

Mr. Atkinson reported that he had done nothing about Trophy case. Wanted to find out size, etc. Suggested that he see Miss Vance and Mr. Bale.

Mr. Hopkins reported that Runar Stone was to let him know about details of his trip as soon as possible.

Miss Moroney reported that she had a grand trip. San Francisco State is now a member of the Far Western Association for Women.

Mr. Cockrum reported that supplies are now in Co-op and that angle of work is running smoothly.

Mr. Dumesnil reported on tentative insurance for proposed Student Union. Price would range from 50 cents to 66 cents per $100.

Old Business

Mr. Morgan read the second half of new Constiution. Sections were discussed and passed by Board.

A motion was made and seconded that the new Constitution be ratified. Motion passed.

Bill Smith stated that Students Union committee had met and had suggested that plan be brought before Associated Men Students and Associated Women Students.

Secret vote was held and Dorothy Deming was chosen as Student Chairman of Summer Session. Secretary was asked to send a letter of congratulations to Miss Deming.

The following committee was chosen to look into Mr. King's home situation: Mr. Atkinson, Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Morgan, Miss Ward, and Miss Whitby.

The following committee was chosen to plan an Executive Board get-together after next night meeting: Miss Lyon, Miss Rice, Mr. Blum, Mr. Goodwin, and Mr. Mirande.

A motion was made and seconded that $50 be granted for Pressmen Dinner. Mr. Harold Martin to take charge of this dinner. Motion passed.

Mr. Herman Bottcher spoke on an Anti-War rally to be held Wednesday, April 22, at 11 o'clock. Dr. Roberts has approved the idea. Board agreed that students and faculty of college should be only speakers. Suggested that co-operation of Police Department be obtained to avoid any disturbance on part of outsiders.

A motion was made and seconded that this rally be held on Wednesday, April 22, at 11 o'clock. Motion passed.

A motion was made and seconded that $5 be granted for pictures of Student Body Offices for the Annual.

Art Rosen, President of Block "S" Society thanked the Board for their help in paying bill for Boxing Night.

The following petitions were submitted for approval by the Board:

President, Cyril Atkinson, Edward Cockrum; Vice-President, Ruth Paulsen; Secretary, Barbara Elliott, Marian Irwin, Dawn Wilson; Treasurer, Herman Bottcher, Daryl Hopkins; Athletic Manager, George Mirande; Yell Leader, Bud Decker; Director of Board of Publications, Clarice Dechent; Members of Board of Publications, Howard Demeke, Rose Marie Haas, Marie Hirsch, Robert Barry, Jack Werchick, William Smith, Bill Rose, and Patricia McNamara.

Some discussion concerning petitions of Daryl Hopkins and Cyril Atkinson. After consideration of details their petitions along with the others were approved.

The Discussion of the Inaugural Ball was tabled until next meeting.

Since there was no further business, meeting was adjourned at 9:20 p.m.

Respectfully submitted,

GRACE WHITBY.

STUDENT'S CO-OP

SUPPORT YOUR OWN ACTIVITIES

STUDENTS' CO-OP

and

CAFETERIA

GENERAL LEE GOES NERTS SEEING STATE

Vail Leads Visitor Thru State Madhouse in Quick Tour

"State is the most astounding institution I ever seen," speaking through Phil Vail as an interpreter, General Joe Lee, famous figure in history, declared today.

"Your College Hall is amazing; it is simple, beautiful, and so modern. Your Mr. Vail explained to me that the loose boards in the stairs were spring boards placed in the most ingenious places to give a youthful bouyancy to the step of the students as they trudge wearily to class. In my country they have a saying that fits this case, 'Wooie thisa smella tooo phooey tooo be trooe.' Of course, it means 'the wise man never trips over somebody else's foot.'"

One of the highlights of the general's trip through College Hall was the flying visit he paid to the Co-op. Catching his heel on the tin strips that are used to protect the steps, he literally flew into the Co-op with Phil Vail hanging on to his heels.

The inner workings of the Co-op were a revelation to the distinguished visitor. "Fooey hooy op six skip and vump," he muttered. Translated by Mr. Vail this meant "Nice trash room you have here." The General was really mortified when he learned that all the very high-priced supplies of the College came from the Co-op.

The Cafeteria had the general trembling until he learned that the N.Y.A. workers who filled the place were harmless. He seemed to be right at home as the smell of food was wafted to his nostrils. "Hm, reminds me of the last banquet I had before I left my native land. Hm, the roast dog was splendid," he said.

From the Co-op he was bounced along the narrow passage to the doors of the library. "Who go oa, comesy louta heya," declared the General.

This had Phil Vail in a quandry until the general added, "Hitta glooey rounda rounda rounda." The general, it seems, was commenting at the punishment the collegians could take in trying to get through the space between the wall and the lockers in the lower hall of College Hall.

Really reverent, the august visitor approached the library as if it were a sacred shrine. Disdainful of a slam in the mush, as six coeds hurried out of the swinging doors, the general actually chuckled as he beheld the girl in the reserve cage. "Oh, I see you keep some of them locked up. Would I be impolite if I asked you just what they are in for and may I be a gentleman and bail them out?" It was with some persuasion that the idea was gotten across to the distinguished man that they were only the librarians and were not being punished.

The general was greeted by a reception committee of Miss Fleming and Mrs. Walter, who declared that he must refrain from conversation and furthermore that no high school students would be tolerated. General Lee was quite taken aback at the warmth of the reception and was about to make a speech in reply when he was rudely bounced through the swinging doors again.

Protesting against the treatment, Phil Vail tried to assuage the feelings of the general with a glass of pure orange juice in the Co-op. The general seemed gracious and was beginning to feel appeased when the managers of the establishment attempted to fine him the usual sixty cents for losing his ticket.

Winding up his tour the general got lost in the welter of offices that clutters up the first floor front of College Hall. For several hours a searching party looked for the general without much success. Finally he was found playing with the switchboard and was summoning every type of fire and police apparatus to the college.

"Floosie floosies, woosie, woosie," declared the general. In other words, he was just loking for Dr. Roberts to say goodby and to thank him for the hospitality that the absent official had rendered.

"Ohhhhhh meeeie myieeee," was the general's parting to the students of State as the white-coated attendants took him back to Napa.

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Inactive Bunch Record

The twenty-eighth scheduled gathering of the Inactive Bunch was called to order by President Ely Moron, on Monday, April 20th, when everybody came strolling in.

Roll was called and all were found present for the first time in history, with the exception of Virginia Conlan, who was excused because of sickness.

COMMUNICATIONS

A communication was received amid much booing from President Roberts granting class hour from six to seven o'clock in the evening for the campaign rally which was scheduled for eleven in the morning. Bud Decker suggested a letter of thanks be sent to Doctor Roberts for his generosity.

A communication was received from Dean Ward submitting the following names of well-known Rooty Tooters for hostesses during the Summer session. Names submitted were Joe Di Maggio, Joe Bush, Joe Hot, Joe Col[illegible]

A communication was received from Alice Moronic to the effect that she was having a lovely time at Colorado Springs and that everybody was just "too" nice.

COMMITTEE REPORTS

Mr. Mirande reported that all tickets for dances should be [illegible] in Mr. Knee's office henceforth as the officials at the various times were [illegible] able to give out enough free tickets to their friends.

Mr. Cockadoodledoo reported that he was unable to crow [illegible] enough to get back the public address system horn from George Eisenhart.

Mr. Atkinson reported that he had been unable to do anything about a location for the trophy case all week because he had trouble with corns on Tuesday. President Moron suggested that he see a corn doctor [illegible]

Mr. Hopkins said he still had no accurate report from Runar [illegible] after trying hard for four months to get some statement from Rue as to [illegible] expenses on a trip back East to "show up the Big Bums", as he expressed it. Mr. Moron suggested hypnotism.

Mr. Cockadoodledoo crowed again at this juncture saying that he had scared the Co-op into buying sufficient supplies of food. He said the Dog Pond had been especially generous in the supplying of material for hamburgers and hot dogs.

OLD BUSINESS

Mr. Moron read the second half of the new dictatorship charter stating that every effort must be expended to rush the thing through before the Gater reporters got hold of it. He said the reporters would get the [illegible] if they didn't watch out.

Mr. Moron suggested that the dictatorship be ratified and present bowed before the superior will. It was ratified.

Smill Bith stated that the Student Onion committee had met and the whole thing had been tied up by one of the committee members who was bitter in his denunciation of the Inactive Bunch.

In a secret ballot Joe Hot was chosen for Summer session host because he was warmed up to the session.

The following committee was chosen to make arrangements to find the surplus money available to the Inactive Bunch. Reason for spending given was that if this was not done the Gater might recommend spending on the Student Union House.

The committee appointed was

Joe Hot, Joe Cold, Joe College, Joe Twerp, Joe Tepid and Joe [illegible]

Mr. Hermann Bettcherboots orated on the possibility of the Communistic Get-Together to be held on the Campus April 22nd. Bunch decided that only the reddest radicals be selected for speakers because it would make Dr. Roberts the maddest. Motion passed with only minor objections.

Art Rosen thanked the Bunch for coming to his rescue on the Boxing Fiasco because he couldn't have saved his face otherwise.

There being lots of other business to take care of, the meeting adjourned because Alice Moronic was tired from her recent trip to the Springs of Colorado.

Spitefully submitted,

WHACE GRITBY

Dear Lidhiter

How about some protection for us poor pedestrians? Some protection for the poor souls who try, in their own humble way, to alleviate the crowded conditions existing along Annex A at the conclusion of every hour period. These energetic souls, instead of following the crowds to and from Anderson Hall via the route between the fence and Annex A, take it upon themselves to take the sidewalk route to arrive at their destination, because this way is along the lines of least resistance. But, their faith in mankind is often shattered by the presence of automobiles in that nice cubbyhole which the city left when they terminated Waller street at the campus. The presence of the said man-made obstructions parked too close to the fence cause our pedestrians to have to walk around them via the open street route, which is not very safe for life or limb. So "Liftie," old pal, how about having the school authorities paint a white line in the said vicinity to keep the automobiles in their place and to provide a lane for pedestrians. If someone ever got hurt by having to walk around the said obstructions via the street route someone would have to PAY.

A Conscientous Objector.

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BLEACHER PREDICTIONS

Who will win the Big Game of 1935?

Stan Kuder: "Stanford, by two touchdowns."

Marie Hirsch: "Cal."

Dr. Ascher: "California by twelve points."

Charles Eisenhut: "California, 13-3."

Dick Stephens: "Stanford, by three points."

Hal Harden: "I pick Cal. They're too tough, offensively and defensively."

Charles Iago: "California, 13-7."

Walberto Valadez: "California, 6-0."

George "Sunny" Newton: "California, by three touchdowns."

Ed Smith: "Stanford, by an upset."

Hal Beesman: "California, by at least six points."

Harry Post: "I think Cal will win."

Incidentally, Stanford won.

IDIOTORIALS

By Way of Explanation

Everybody has heard of the man who likes to hit himself on the head with a hammer because it feels so good when he stops.

The guy is built on the same lines as we newspapermen—we feel good after straight news writing stints, and the lull allows opportunity to give vent to pent-up feelings, pet peeves, and a chance to razz with gusto.

Think of all the time spent by poor misguided souls with journalistic leanings on the college publication. Think of the hours spent pounding out a story that some people contend looks its best when wrapped around an over-ripe fish and reposing in a garbage can.

Yes, brothers, 'tis small wonder that the thankless task should lead to a general outburst of pent-up emotions.

So remember, if your name is mentioned not to your best advantage in this issue, you have only yourself to criticize, and you can add your remarks to what has been stated herein.

If you don't like this sheet, you can say so openly and without fear of more criticism—there will probably be a lot of other guys in the same boat.

J. M.

LID LIFTERS

An open letter addressed to Dr. Williams E. ..., so-called "head" of the music department:

Dear Doctor Knuth:

Kings on you, doctor, for taking your protracted vacation during the course of the present year. While you were gone, we actually did make some progress along lines which you heretofore had under your thumb.

Seems that while you were gone, the orchestra made marvelous progress—much better results were obtained with that group than ever was noted when it was under your leadership. Concerning the boys, whose rightful instructors you ousted from their jobs, I am pleased to note an exceptional turn for better (viz., the harmony and orchestration ...).

Inasmuch as this sentiment is not only my own, but comprises the feelings of almost everyone connected with music, may I suggest a few things:

Try to take a partial "back seat" for once. Mr. Freeburg take over (with assistance by Mr. McCall and Mr. White) the harmony and choral groups.

Get rid of the spirit of compulsory "apple polishing," which you have seen fit to build up.

Please accept these above comments and suggestions in the friendly spirit in which they are meant. They do express a growing sentiment in the department.

Sincerely,

A Music Student.

We're the Girls of The Institute

Women should have unconstitutional rights!

The male is a species of an animal that has run wild for many years. This species has grown and developed to such a degree that it practically overruns and rules the world of today. We women demand a definite place in these modern times, and intend to fight this male influence to the end, that is underestimating our skill.

Women should wear (the) pants in the family. (Ed. note: My ideas of these modern girls!) They should set new records in the high hurdles; they should learn to love the fragrance of a good five-cent cigar. If they don't care for trousers, they ought to have at least a couple of severely tailored suits. Men should be given little, if any, leeway in this revolving (?) age. Can YOU afford to be a "pansyette" girl nowadays?

Don't let the men rule the world. If we want to have our rights recognized, we should put our foot down, and the most appropriate place would be on the necks of our male population. These so-called males have messed around with our world long enough, and now is the time for all good women to come to the aid of the masses.

If anything that resembles a man wants to wait for you after class, if "it" wants to carry your books, buy you a nut fudge sundae, or take you to the Palace Hotel in the new car, be certain that your rejection reeks of sarcasm and contempt. Rooty toot toot, pansy or he-man, they should all be dispensable to us, **we're** the girls of the institute!

D. F.

RAMBLES STALE (Y)

by GAL E. GER

Tom Long doesn't seem to be fiddling time away with Edythe, what with his nose so close to the grind Stone(r) . . . Isn't Mariano Hermosa interested in activities? He's the main support at most of the games—a little fellow with a lot of school spirit . . . With Ed Cockrum running for the presidency, we wonder if he delayed his purported graduation in Dec., '36 (see last annual) another semester for that purpose? . . .Did you ever notice the striking resemblance between Charlie Eisenhut and his brother George? . . . And speaking of "striking," what a "hit" Charlie made with his daring slide in the baseball game shown in the campus movies . . . And is Howie Demecke carrying the torch for the editor of a publication or for a graduate—anyhow the part-time plan has its charms . . . Nomination for the most ardent Romeo and liberal on the campus is justly held by Aub McDermott, who objects to everything except a certain Bee in his bonnet . . . Why does one of the Babow brothers waste most of the time from S. F. J. C. hanging around State portals looking at clocks? . . . Is Eleanor Jones in general circulation since Rose Haas broke through the interference of a football "star" . . . Why the emphasis and laughter when the family name of Johnny Soso is mentioned? . . . Contest for largest "wind-bags" on the campus—personal nominations: Art Smith; Aub McDermott; Jerry Kenny, Jr., and Jack Werchick . . . No matter what way you look at it, the Rich-Starke combination still exists . . . Since Naomi moved to the big city, Johnny and Angelina have become very friendly . . . Does Art Rosen like to be told to "take the hair out of his eyes?" . . . "Uncle" Pinky Regan is batting 1.000 as far as Charlotte Steffans is concerned; they're our nomination for one of the nicest couples in the P. E. section . . . If Decker and McDevitt could make up their minds as to choice of "babes" (as they call them), we could put in a flesh, but . . . this is all.

Then again, "Is College Worth While?" and:

Diane Adrian, chorus girl of the Capitol Theatre: We asked, "Are you sorry that you could not go to school any longer?" She said, "Longer than what? I didn't go at all."

Mrs. Sheridan, manager of a branch store of a bakery: "I do not see that college education does anyone any good, except the special vocational schools. I have a brother back East who quit school in the third grade, and today is one of the best lawyers in his State. My well-educated ex-husband is a total flop in life."

Mr. Sontheimer, city editor of the San Francisco News: "As far as journalism is concerned, a college education is unnecessary. As training in other fields, it is quite beneficial."

Back to State for an opinion, I asked just an ordinary student, Keith Cox, "Do you think college is beneficial?"

"Quite frankly," he said, "not in your case!" —C. C.

DEDICATION

To pure truth, unvarnished by politicians and unbesmirched by political interpreters, we, the editors of the **Excavator,** dedicate this truth edition of the college paper. We dedicate it in the hope that it will serve in its humble way to enlighten vision, strengthen determination, clarify thought, and renew spirit.

We further dedicate the **Excavator** to the hope that our student officers will not fail us in the crises that may arise during the coming year. We trust that their outlook will be as broad as their aspirations are high. We have seen the rapid crumbling of a great and dangerous political machine and we all fervently pray that it will be the last one to crush State hearts and dreams in its stifling tentacles.

The dawn of a new day is breaking at State College. Growing pains irk us at times, but we are slowly assuming our natural adult size. Fading into the past, when we were merely a teacher training institution, is the outgrown conception that all of us were beyond criticism and that the conduct of student affairs was always above reproach. Moving a little more rapidly into our new field of vision is mature and adult viewpoint to take its place. The new one has as its primary concept that student officials and their management of activities is always subject to observation and criticism.

It is to this standard of truth, whether it hurts like a whipcord lash or soothes like a menthol salve, that we, the editors, dedicate the **Excavator.**

Dear Lid-lifter:

Would it be possible for the archery girls to shoot a little straighter? I was passing the field going to my class and **almost didn't get there.** One of the arrows came through the fence, just ahead of me. Please see what can be done about the situation.

An Anxious Student (M. K.).

Dear M. K.:

We have asked the instructors to have the class shoot in masse next time. We are sure this will aid in their shooting a little better, if not straighter, for with the whole group shooting at you, we sincerely believe you will NOT get to class. L. L.

It Is the Truth

By BLACK SMITH

I cover the F.E.R.A. front.

Actually saw a man working on the job. . . . Surprise staggering. . . . Mac—Macarty, the boss, overwhelmed. . . . Other workers deeply concerned . . . something must be done about this . . . this fellow must be put on the spot—X.

F.E.R.A. workers playing football with the little kids. . . . Kids win. . . . Others mixing archery and basketball in on the side line. . . . Mac worried. . . . Workers working too hard.

Join the class in sun-bathing. . . . Get on the F.E.R.A. . . . See them stretched all over the field. . . . Also suggested to students seeking recreation. . . . Come out and relax with the lads.

How to get on? Go out for football. . . . Put on old clothes and give Davey Cox a heart strangling story. . . . Melt his marble heart. . . . Lie like H—— on an application. . . . Tell your old man.

Such is the life, or rather loaf, on the F.E.R.A.

I often wonder . . . how many dots . . . the average columnist . . . in the course of his weekly peregrinations . . . uses. . . . I should think that the linotyper . . . would get very ennuied, as it were . . . by the paucity of thought . . . and the enormity of punctuation . . . ! (from Pasadena **Chronicle).**

We'd Like To See

By S. N.

Jim Seright with his mouth shut. (At least a couple of minutes.)

Nello Biancolotta with a severe case of laryngitis. Then perhaps, he would not annoy us with his "putrid" Swiss (cheese) yodeling.

Dr. Floyd Cave receiving a medal for his definition of Slugger Seright's mouth in action. Dr. Cave calling it "perpetual motion."

Scallions (for the benefit of the less intelligent, green onions) to Hopped-Up Hopkins for his participation in the activities during Freshman Week. Hoppy says his efforts with the paddle were carried out only with the hope of stimulating the circulation of blood in all freshman bodies(?) Boy! Would we freshmen like to give Hoppy high blood pressure.

Harold Jacobs giving a decent imitation. The same applies to Charlie Maurer.

Laurie Glassberg given the proper publicity due to him as State's prize "weed moocher."

Dr. Floyd Cave installing beds in room 208 so we all could enjoy our snooze in his 8 o'clock Government class.

Dear Lid Lifter:

What are we going to do on rainy days on the walk between Anderson and College Halls? I suppose when it pours we will get soaking wet, unless we keep our galoshes, raincoats, etc. on all day.

A canvas awning could be rolled over to the fence from the annex, when it rains, and thus prevent the student body from becoming soaked. (B. F.)

STUFF BOX

(Continued from page 1)

couldn't believe that this school had such rotten politics until I saw it with my own eyes at the recent election." Also, since there was no dispute, under which the "Executive" Bored does its interpreting, there was really no argument—the candidate was and still is ineligible according to the Constitution.

"Strong-Arm" Used?

The self-same H——ns it was who proposed that a vigilante committee be formed "to purge the campus of undesirables by use of strong-arm methods." Then, in this respect, reports were spread of communistic students who attempted to get hands on school money and terroristic methods were used during the campaign. Cohorts proceeded to tear down signs of the other candidate, write malicious attacks on blackboards, spread false rumors, etc.—just "friendly" competition.

The next great "interpretation" was made by the puppets of the "House of Morgan," at the command of the dictator himself—for he was vitally concerned in seeing that his beloved constitution passed, regardless of what he had to do to pass it. Therefore, out of the student body money, he had posters made to vote "yes" on the charter, and promptly posted a couple right at the entrance to the polls (in spite of the fact that signs should be 100 feet away—or perhaps we "interpreted" that wrong). Then, to his dismay, the **Gater** published an editorial advising the students to vote "no." My, you should have heard the nasty things that Mr. Moron said to the editor when he read that! So friend Moron gathered his stooges together and proceeded to "interpret." See if you can figure it out. . . .

Moron "Interprets"

Of the 690 persons, out of the 893 voters who went to the polls, who voted on the constitution, 385 voted for and 307 against the new charter. The constitution definitely states (with no interpretation entering in, of course, as is also true of the H——ns case) that "This constitution shall go into effect . . . when ratified by a majority of ALL VOTES CAST at such an election." The puppets then "interpreted" this very clear statement to mean only the votes cast on the constitution, and thus that it had a majority! Simple, heh?

We wonder where the interpretation "in case of DISPUTE" enters here, for we see no argument—the constitution did NOT pass until the "House" assembled and "interpreted." Then again, the previous constitution required votes of THREE-FOURTHS of the Student Body to pass an AMENDMENT—can it be that the passing of a new constitution is so unimportant that only a **majority** vote will put it into effect? Do you weary of all this? We can leave out the minor details then, and merely give you the last major items.

Machines Opened

Could it be true that, during the last waning moments of the usual secret run-off election (unannounced by signs or notices), the voting machines were opened? Could it also be true that the runner-up in the final count was leading by a wide margin at the time? Could it be true that notice was given the lagging candidate and that she was enabled to dig up enough last-minute votes to nose out the other candidate by a slight margin? Of course, we only heard rumors and only knew people who were solicited for votes at the last minute, but, we wonder, could it be true?

Maybe Mr. Moron wants to emulate the advice which he gave to new-comers in the last handbook: ". . . start now, so that when you enter your senior year you will be proud to say, 'This is San Francisco State; I AIDED IN ITS MAKING!' "

EXCAVATOR

Land lord ..... John Wallace Gal E. Ger
Advisor .....
Edward (Constitution) Morgan
managing idiot .....
Erwin Aaron "Bud" Decker
miss-managing idiot .....
..... Roy Neckorlaysome
Zness miss-manager .....
..... Kantlean Muckley
income (non-circulation) man
..... Rooty Toot Toot
Photo-snapper .....
..... Will Smith (or won't he?)
Director of Public Ache-ions
..... Sure I'm Fibbin
Dept of Public Relations .....
..... Harold Martin
Published tri weekly (we try to get it out all by the pubblications stooges of the San State State of Exhaustion. Rendezvous, and monkey business offices for all friends; meet in room 114, 124 Buchanan Prescription rates from 5c up; by mail, if you know the right people.

Gator Still Choice Meat

The saloon must go, but not our Gator. However, if this was the Friday issue, then the alligator **would** have to go, because the idioter has decided he doesn't like it. And if this was the Friday issue, you would have a nice big idiotorial all about the Stupid Onion, no objectionable answers allowed in print! But this isn't the Friday issue; in fact, we are wondering just what sort of an issue you can make of it!

But back to Ale-Gator (nee Erwin Bischoff).

We have the following suggestions for a new name for the college (we could copy a list from the Boy Scout manual as some other person did, but we won't):

MINTERS, derived from the dump going up on the corner. This idea is submitted by Bob Van Houte, copywrite owner, but the only objection is that we could be called Pepper Minters, Double (Cross) Minters; Tor Minters, etc.

BAYERS, derived either from that thing they're building across the bay or from bloodhounds. However, how would you like the school to be called the Mayer's Aspirin or Teddy Bayers, or Strip Bayers?

That's Why You Stink

By AL CORT WRONG

The question "Why did you come to State?" was asked:

Burton Johnson: "Didn't have the recs for Cal."

Charles Rich: "Wanted to grow a long beard and be a professor."

Thelma Stark: "Because I knew Charlie Rich was here."

Polly Lipschutz: "So I could work on the F. E. R. A."

Dawn Wilson: "No other place to go."

Mike Cahn: "Better music department than Cal."

Joe Rosen: "It's a swell school, and Barbara Thomas is all right."

Bev Lyon: "No money to go to Stanford."

Harpo Furst: "Because no other college would have me."

Ev. Parrish: "Cause I knew Dawn Wilson would be there."

—C. W.

Dam Dum Blanks

By RAZZBARRY

Dr. Leonard Ascher, potentate of the social sciences, is a most conscientious soul. He begins all his Monday, Wednesday and Friday four o'clock classes five minutes early so that he might leave five minutes sooner for Oakland.

* * *

Talk about conscientious graders, Mr. Utter who reads the papers for Mrs. Ellsworth's frosh English class, is so good that he even thought an O. O. McIntyre essay turned in to him was so lousy that he graded it as an F. He thought Odd evidently needed lots of improvements, judging from the remarks put on the paper. (No, it wasn't generally known that the columnist was the original author.)

* * *

R. Cudenuff Callegry, better known as Master J. Wallace Gallagher, is in a trance these daze. The reason being that members of the debating team of Senk and Senk not taken up by Bob Van Houte. Gallagher has been known to overlook any type of insult heaped upon him, but watch out for the wildcat if anything is said against Muriel.

DELIGHTFUL TO NO (ONE)

But Rose Haas

PANTS . . . anyone with them is one of the chosen few (hundred) who enthrall your columnist . . . we have our eye on most of the male elements of the college . . . just give us a tumble and do we go pit-a-pat . . . but Bill Harkness, Jim Barrett, Jim Martin, Bob Robinson, are our favorites . . . oh yes, and Harry Marks . . . but it's so far to where he's teaching . . . there goes a man . . . we're through for today.

All the world is crazy but me and thee, and sometimes even thee, Mike Driscoll. Why does your sense of injustice rise when you fear that something is going to appear in print about you? A guilty conscience is like being stuck with a blind date—you can't get away from it.

* * *

In high school, gum chewing was a crime, in college it's a minor trick of the childish, but then why is it that Dr. Ascher chews it like a house afire every morning while commuting?

* * *

The popularity of the Friday managing editor it increasing in leaps and bounds. He is contemplating taking tap dancing lessons now, and we thought that this he-man was a woman-hater!

* * *

At a recent weenie roast held by the sophomore class, a certain Bud Decker was lost in the shuffle of hot dogs. The young man in charge of "having the fire all ready when they got there" seemingly couldn't find any driftwood, and besides, never having been a boy scout, and having lost his matches, he didn't know how to get it started. A young girl, also at the same event, had the panhandle of "Dittle" tacked onto her, and try as she will, she can't get rid of it now. As Jack Benny's Don would say, "razz-berry!" all that for a frankfurter?

* * *

Al Cannon went on a binge the other night. Boy, was he feeling good! "Yes, sir," he said, "we had two quarts of—— chocolate milk, and were we dizzy!"

Hot Air Blasts

By Delta Stigma

We wonder why Louis Abate is called MASTER and why all the debaters are called master debaters?

* * *

What vice-president of the low frosh class has been seen being shadowed by Bob Links? The former lady-killer of State seems to have found a rut that is very desirable. Links being known as a connoisseur, many of his admirers would like to have some information as to his procedure; just walk up and ask him—he is always glad to oblige.

* * *

J. Wallace Gallagher, supposedly a future upstanding school teacher, is quite a versatile panhandler. Almost flat broke in San Diego, he developed a consumptive cough that would have been creditable to a professional. After an hour's work, he finally managed to bum eight beers, but that didn't help his fellow debaters very much. Gallagher's talent at acquiring dozens of oranges in the middle of the night, however, was a great asset, and kept his colleagues from starvation. For further information on the subject, just mention four square meals a day—four squares of chocolate, etc.

HEY, YOUSE SCANDALMONGERS, WILLYA TAKE A LOOK?

We wonder why Roy Nicholaysen is called "Madame"?

No doubt the fact that he "tickles" the ivories has some connection with his popularity with the girls, as witness the four or five always surrounding our hero on the lawn.

* * *

Run-arounds from the Reno track meet:

Ask "Bull" Harkness to give you his experiences in the bull-pen. And Sullivan's cutie "Cleo"—well . . . Ask Driscoll about the "impression" he made with one of the Reno girls.

* * *

Evvie Stadelman was recently in an automobile accident and had two hips broken. What happened to the others, Evvie?

* * *

We overheard:

Billy Rose: "I'd like to meet Dean DuFour in a billiard room some day."

Erwin Bischoff: "I want another beer; please mister, another beer. BEER!"

Rose Marie Haas: "Gosh this **Gater** copy is crumby." And she eating a sandwich all over it.

* * *

What would you do if you had fifteen minutes to live?

Grace Whitby, secretary of Associated Students: "I'd read all the funny jokes I could find, so that I would die laughing."

Ralph Nathan, football: "I'd devote my time to figuring out how many years it would take to get a four-year P. E. credential." (A.K.)

* * *

Were the "Cub" reporters of the 1-J class shocked when they heard Dean Dave Cox cuss twice in his speech at the sports rally. Innumerable stories were handed in to report that the dean of men had out-stepped himself in delivering a couple of startling expletives: "Why in Hell" and "Damn."

* * *

According to the Hotsy-Totsy article which appeared in one of the Friday issues, the ideal woman for Erwin Bischoff is a P. E. major of the following description: straight hair, no make-up, cotton stockings, long woolen dress, a build like a good sturdy work-horse.

* * *

Could it be a coincidence that the only student organizations permitted to have houses off the campus are supposedly doing so because of "religious" purposes? Phi Lambda Chi, Siena, and Newman groups are the fortunate ones who have had permission of the proper authorities.

Not to be catty about the subject, but next year will demonstrate just how much ability our coaching staff has, for practically the entire varsity basketballers will be graduated or passed from our midst.

* * *

We are still wondering what honor is atached to belonging to Phi Lambda Chi, what with them taking in a wholesale lot of pledges—was it a matter of 40 or 50? This must be quite an exclusive club, for even the boys found invitations to join put in their post-boxes (we believe it must have been a mistake!)

* * *

Some day ask Mr. Nee to tell you all about the strongarm stuff that he pulled on a holdup man who tried to give him the "works" in front of College Hall. The usually talkative Elsie (L.C.) shuts up like a clam when the matter is mentioned, despite the fact that he flattened the guy with one punch and saved the entrance fees, by gum!

* * *

Maybe we're wrong, but are we or are we not "State College." The Co-op doesn't think so according to the rings, emblems, and pennants which they sell—the things still carry the old inititials—S. F. S. T. C., indicating a teacher's college.

* * *

"What an evening." That was the way Paul De Poister described the night of April 17 after he escorted Betty Rhame to a dance. It must have been, because the two certainly inhabit the Co-op after the four o'clock period. It must be the spring in the air that started this budding romance.

* * *

And now that you are all wondering and we of the **Excavator** see and know all, we will reveal the author of "State Slams," latest addition to the umpteen columns now running in the **Gater.** He is none other than that enterprising short-story expert and editorial page idoteer, Roy Laugesen. Incidentally, in that regard, why doesn't he make up his mind between the blonde and brunette? He certainly seems to be successful in shifting them properly, so they don't meet in the Pub Office.

* * *

According to her sister, Tattler), Leila Bernadsky and Hal Beseman are principals in one of those torrid affairs, with Leila doing most of the Leap-year stuff. Watch your step, Leila. "Tripod" is a big man in more ways than one.

* * *

It is rumored that R. Porter, neutral zone, has been making signals to Chandler. This will probably mean a new attack by P. Smith. Miss Eddie Fisher, unfortunate dictator of the situation, comments, "Will you kids cut it out and get back to work?"

* * *

The ducky chapeau (warm-weather hat) being worn about the campus these days is exciting quite a bit of comment from the various students. Especially those who delight in punching holes (in re. J. San Marcos Gallagher.)

* * *

The telegrams sent ahead by Professor King and his henchmen were eagerly perused by Shirlie Senk. Lucky for her weak heart, the wires were only full of the romantic endeavors of the "Grim Reaper." (Ask Werchick what that means.)

* * *

Tat Bernadsky, the China doll, believes in the trial and error method—this time is the fourth time she has gotten herself engaged. The unfortunate is an officer on the D[illegible] Frank Muldoon, one of the [illegible] that after all it was better to [illegible] sailor bounce for the engage[illegible] anyhow—judging from the s[illegible] stone it must have cost a pr[illegible] Did the little girl experimen[illegible] of those shipboard romances.

* * *

The sophomore weenie [illegible] week or so ago was just [illegible] headache to Anna Knapp [illegible] that everything was a mis[illegible] the choice of the picnic gro[illegible] non-appearance of Bud D[illegible] friend.

* * *

Which all brings to mind [illegible] Vail, the circulation mana[illegible] **Golden Gater**—why is he [illegible] about every dirt column [illegible] in the paper? It is genera[illegible] that he is so afraid that [illegible] his name in the paper some[illegible] here it is. Incidentally, [illegible] been noticed the resemblan[illegible] has to an old hen and her [illegible] he starts directing the [illegible] to do with the Collegiate [illegible] **Gater.**

BANNED SLOPPY

By Surely A. Cannery

We're writing this for Al E. Gator, who, in case anyone hasn't guessed it by now, is the enterprising editor of the Friday issue, Erwin Bischoff. A really "swell guy," Bish has the one fault of being the best dirt-digger on the campus. We firmly believe that his column, "rooty-toot-toot" article, and other characteristics are merely signs that he has **nearly** matured and is not quite sure of his ground. If only some girl would give him some encouragement, he might turn over a new leaf (as regards his vain attempt to lure some of the frosh girls to speak to him, when he published a whole string of their names). He has a crush on dots especially, but is too **foxy** or **lockey** to let them know. No matter how trivial the tripe, one of the dots has her stuff published under a by-line in the Friday issue . . . now could there be a connection? And Bish is too shy to let anyone know, altho "actions speak . . ."

He has done a really fine job with his issue, making it one of the most lively sheets ever put on the campus. Even if one doesn't like some of his articles, he will admit that the paper has aroused comment and interest, which has seldom been characteristic of past sheets.

Lest this go to his head (as praise may do in some well-known instances), may we say that if he wouldn't attempt to write the whole Friday issue and cover the feature page with his column, other staff members would be more than pleased. Also, lest we forget, he and the van Houte, with their "Daily Stater" (R. I. P.) actually initiated the movement which culminated in the bi-weekly now published. Thanx, fellows!

Love Racket Halts Champion Racqueteer

Ronnie English, State's famous man on the courts, may wield a wicked racquet, but his racket in courting women isn't very good. According to Harold Chandler, who took the tennis team down to San Jose, "Betty Fisher had to sit on Ronnie's lap all the way down and back, and he didn't quite know what to do."

It also seems that Ronnie is traveling faster after Betty than he ever did on a court against an opposing team, and also that he doesn't know that Betty is going "steady" and the fellow is slightly bigger than he is.

It might be interesting to Ronnie to know the aforementioned, and also that all of State is watching the outcome of this exciting match, and hope he continues with his undefeated Collegiate singles. (T. T.)

Professors Show Originality?

Lord help the profs, and they need it, especially those dear, sweet souls who think the examination schedule needs editing and revising, so they do their level best to fix it up by putting the finals up several days ahead of time.

It has been shown by general survey that an examination schedule was printed in the last edition of the **Gater (the Friday one that comes out on Monday) that on May 21 they were to start, but the learned ones says no.**

It has been predicted by some that the grade curve will take a 1929 dip as a result of this sudden move on the pedagogues' part. "It is much more fun to be original and set your own examination dates," said one professor when interviewed as to his reason for this unwanted move.

Grading System All Wet, Tests Indicate

Something is wrong—is it the students, profs, or just the grading system?

As an experiment, the English 157 class of Mrs. ½Witt-Diamant were allowed to use their notes, books, etc., and converse freely in an examination. However, the questions were of the "thot" variety, so that all of this wasn't of much use.

[illegible] results? With reference to previous grades, in three or four cases, there was a single grade point difference, and in one or two cases, a marked difference in grade. The average number of Fs from the usual persons appeared. You give the answer—what's wrong?

"Sweet" Walters Greets(?) Visitors

Be careful when you go into the library. Don't stay too long, and you won't be thrown out. Look out! Here comes the watchdog! Oh, excuse me; it is only Mrs. Edla Walters, the librarian. My, what beautiful hair. The Ethiopians don't take an interest in their hair either.

Where was Mrs. Walters born? In a cyclone; she's still dizzy.

Why doesn't Mrs. Walters smile? Really her face won't crack. Or will it? Would she smile if the building fell down? If San Francisco had another earthquake she'd probably laugh out loud. Why can't the boys have a librarian that would enable them to go up to her and say, "How was heaven when you left, Baby?"

N. B.

TRUTH

Alexander E. Roberts

E'er since I first appeared between
The columns of the **Stater,**
I said one day that I'd get mean
And pan the guy who wrot'r.

He big, all right, and lanky, too,
And always wears a grin;
But his nose for dirt is much too long;
To scrouge him, it's a sin.

His ear for gossip wide is spread,
His pen in hand, he writes it down,
And we, the suckers, sure get red;
He must deserve the scandal crown.

But then the **Stater** fizzled out,
And Bischoff settled down
To write more gossip, mean old lout,
For the rag, the **Golden Garter.**

Once more his tale of dirt he wrote
In the column, Scaly Scandals.
He made the students all the goats,
And never got manhandled.

And then one day the Bored of Pub
Made him the chief big cheese
Of the lou-y-awful Friday dub,
And the Rooty-Tooters he did please.

Then to top it all off right,
He racked his brain, and then
The Hotsy Totsys came in sight
To comfort all the men.

He really hopes some day to get
A Student Union House,
Where he can go to pet and pet,
The great big mean old louse.

Ah, yes, I spoke of petting.
You do not think it's so?
Well, he'll soon hand Dot Fox a ring
Or I'm not in the know.

Aside from these his faults are few,
He seldom smokes or snorts a drink;
But now and then he'll have a chew,
And spit it down the sink.

He's wrote of me some nasty dirt,
And caused my ire to rise.
He linked me with some naughty skirt
And then he 'pologized.

So now I've took this chance to harp,
To deal to him a nasty shock;
And place him on the well-known spot,
Where all of us can knock and knock.

NIC WANTS A MIRACLE WOMAN

Roy Nicholaysen, in the last Friday issue of the **Gater,** is quoted as saying, "An ideal girl must be my equal in intelligence." We had a hunch that those girls he had out on the lawn must be morons, and now he admits it!

And say, Bob Robinson, that isn't an ideal girl that you want, it's a miracle woman, if she has all the traits that you list.

Additional Dope Regarding Constitution

"Three members chosen at large by the Student Body by proportional representation." In other words, the friends of the executives may be placed on the executive board and vote, with an equal amount of power, along with the regularly elected members. Flunkies may railroad any issue through.

What are the qualifications for these people? And why no qualifications for the members of the board of publications?

Why only four class representatives, in order to cut the size of the executive board, and then add three stooges.

HERE 'N THERE

We have a vague idea that certain members of the Co-op staff will find some use for their yacht during the summer vacation—said use which might be something else than sailing, sailing over the bounding main . . .

We wonder when we are going to see the erection of Annex C, what with the other two now up and coming, and the W. P. A. just aching to use that excess space called the lower field.

The most ardent reader of the **Gater,** but not for pleasure, is Aub MacDermott. He makes regular visits to the editorial offices to complain about this, that or anything—in fact, he "pans" the group even when nothing is printed.

Kappa Delta Pi, so-called "honor" society, nearly succeeded to the title of the "most exclusive" club on the campus when it recently took in some twenty "odd" members. Only Phi Goata Chi, with its 50-60 stooges could out-do them.

Whatever became of Phi Phi Epsilon, the debater's Delta Sigma auxiliary, which was organized exclusively to eliminate certain obnoxious members of the larger group of loudmouths?

WE HAVE TO TOLERATE

Mrs. Walter's "dead pan" expression;

Dr. Robert's "cold fish" handshake;

Dr. Amsden's quivering chin and about-to-cry expression;

Dr. Arnesen's sunny smile when you apple polish, and cold shoulder when you don't;

Miss Pickard's scraggly hair and slipping "bun";

Miss McFadden's stories of her delightful nephew;

Mrs. Dorris's shriek and affected a's;

Mrs. Witt-Diamant's adorable puppy dog, fleas and all;

Miss Casebolt's ducky plays;

Mrs. Flemming's shining nose and grading system;

Mrs. Cowell's shower-bath lectures, without towels.

—(P. M.)

Carolie Beetz Wins Male Lead

By SNUFFY SMITH
Third Assistant Janitor

Shet yore tater traps, you bodacious critters, afore I bounce a rock offen' your pumpkin' haids. It's Snuffy Smith whut air running offen' at the mouth fer that presuntashun of "Sun Up," being perdooced by this heah Collitch Theatre Groop at San Francisco State.

The stoodents at thet shack o' book-larning air going ter put on "Sun Up," dad burst your onderbritches, at the Community Playhouse, Friday, at 8:30 p. m.

Effn you don't go, I'll bounce a bullet offen your haids. Hit's a powerful drammer abouten the backwoods folks, an' that bodacious critter, Missen Casey Casebolt, has die-rected the whole dangbusted thingamijig.

Admishun air fifty cents, but it's wuth avry cent.

There's even a wumman, Carola Beetz, whooze a gunna act up like a man, dressed up in onderbritches an' all. They woodnut let her in at fust, but she ecked so dad-gummed pecooliar, crying and whutnot, that they guy in an' gave her a part. Kinda handsomelike uv 'um, eh?

Agin, dunt ferget ter show up, pumkin' haids. It's wuth a gallon of my corn likker any day. I'm going ter gat Barney Google and Lowzie ter go. Thet Marcelley'll hev ter bounce her own freight.

Youthful Faculty

Lovey Dovey

Those torrid love-birds, Bob Barry and a "certain Alice," certainly intrigue us. Even more so than the lovey-doveys who infest the "lawn" near the Anderson annex; only between Bob and Alice it's wholehearted devoshun.

Credit goes to Alice for saving Bob from the clutches of a certain blonde, you know who . . .

Dear Lidlifter:

While the "muscle men" are hitting the student body treasury for a loan to finance a white elephant, allow me, on behalf of the majority of the students, to petition for a loan, to be used in saving the student body from a slow death. The fund would be used for the following purposes:

1. To build a STUDENT UNION BUILDING in which a student could really buy books at a saving; in other words, **have a place where a Co-op IS a Co-op.**

2. To pension off that Al. E. Gator person and his column "Scaly Scandals," or at least bribe him to refrain from writing those lovely epic poems. (Ed. note: Probably "epic" reference means we who read them are heroes.) By doing this, we would be saving him from being taken for a ride by one of the majority that has to suffer for the minority.

3. To install some pep and ambition into the HIGH FROSH CLASS; maybe after an exten-sive investigation someone may find a way to increase the attendance at the class meetings from a mere ten persons to a crowd of FIFTEEN or more.

Yours progressively,
One of the unthought of MAJORITY of San Francisco State College. (L.M.)

Spurt Shatter

By SAVE DCHUTZ

This is your Uncle Dave, cherup-cheeked columnist bringing you subjects that are getting very stale around here. The only reason that we are advocating entering the Far Western Conference is the fact that we have nothing else to easily fill up the paper.

"So what," chortles the baseball team, the track team, the basket ball team, and the tennis team when the football men decide that the competition in the Far Western Conference isn't stiff enough. They want a coast conference berth in the backwoods conference.

"So what," we chortle right back at the Peaches and Cream boys of Hal Harden, Dan Farmer, six bleacher coaches and two water boys. It seems to us that the football team should not be so hoi polloi, they are no better than anybody else.

Seriously though, with victories being met by the loud cheers and the flag waving that the W. A. A. gives the boys, we think that they are ready for a berth in the league. We mean the cellar berth, of course, what State team could expect to do better than that?

Maybe we are wrong. But the opinions among the athletes not now representing State have shown that they want State to be members of the league. Especially after they quit the league.

That's not enough blasting, but I am getting doggone tired of doing any more tripe. If you can think of anything else I'll finish this column. You know, your sports editors never lay down on the job.

Incidentally, there is no truth in the rumor that I am going to write a column for the **Chronicle.**

FENTON FOLLIES FIZZLE-FLOP

"Fenton's Follies," dizziest, punchiest merry-go-round of frivolity and foolishness that ever hit the campus, is no more. (Bring out your handkerchiefs, partners.)

The epic cast soon began to disintegrate when Larry Fanning, chief clown, got himself married to Phyllis Burnham, much to the chagrin of 9,999 other guys.

Dr. Elias tried valiantly, as did Mr. Fenton. But, 'twas to no avail. Without Fanning, their chief attraction, the show was a flop.

Even Louis Ray, assistant clown, couldn't make the thing a "go."

So, like the Arabs, the "Fenton Follies" packed their tents and stole silently into the night.

Whoops, my dear.

Gleanings From the Mathematics Dept.

SUBTRACTION

Publications minus Bu[illegible]
Debating minus Magnus
Alpha Phi Gamma minus [illegible]
Delta Sigma minus Bis[illegible]
College Theatre minus P[illegible] ning (Knee Burnham)

ADDITIONS

One to the Harden family
Peggy Vizzard plus Harry [illegible] equals!
Muriel Senk plus John W[illegible] equals Delta Sigma politics
Shirlie Senk plus Bob V[illegible] equals raised eyebrows.
Jane White plus Adrian [illegible] equals . . .
Mabel Park plus Chet Ol[illegible]
Alice Marsten plus Bob Bar[illegible] music
Sybil Hurnig plus Bill [illegible] equals (my, my).
Rose Marie Haas plus Bill [illegible] equals another temporary [illegible]
Jim O'Malley plus "Zel[illegible] about it?)
Cliff Worth plus Dawn [illegible] equals "Love's Young Dre[illegible]
Frank Fenton plus [illegible] equals "Love me, love my [illegible]
Kenneth King plus M[illegible] equals a future debate chan[illegible]
Harold Martin plus Ev[illegible] equals the old reliable of [illegible]
Jean Copleston plus Len[illegible] some mystery!
Arthur Smith plus Do[illegible] equals plenty of hot air.
Two half-pints equal Delta Sigma in the case of Jack Were[illegible] Sylvia Keller.
Bob Colvar plus Bernice [illegible] equals "off with the old, on [illegible] the new."
Ruth Walker plus Steve [illegible] equals "No Love Lost," a [illegible] in one act.

GEOMETRY

Study of triangles:
Ruth Walker, Johnny So[illegible] Jack Donovan.
Clarice Dechent, Will Smith, [illegible]line Quirk.
Marie Hirsch, Rex Clark, [illegible] Reinaldo Pagano.
Dot Locke, Dot Fox, and [illegible]win Bischoff.

CALCULUS

We calculate that this is [illegible] this stuff.

Foxy President Shows Guile

Some of the members of the fixed Bored, feeling it "big stuff" to smoke, recently showed just how they could do so and get away with it, despite the fact that the majority of the board is against "beating the weeds" in the sanctity of their room.

First, those opposed passed a move (they obtained a majority) to abolish smoking during Executive Board meetings, feeling that it was giving the college a black eye. President Moron, seeing that the show of hands was against his faction (he a smoker), tried to railroad the move out by declaring it "not passed."

"Not passed?" yelled Grace Whitby. "Why not? I demand a count."

Well, the count was made, and the non-smokers won out.

What good did it do them, though? Not a particle. The next meeting, Mr. Moron brought up the issue again and jammed the O. K. for smoking through. Feeling disgusted at the chicanery and guilefulness of the prexy and his gang, the self-respecting members of the Board have not brought up the question again.

"What's the use," they say, "trying to beat that bunch of grafters?"

Lucky Ed

Well, we can't all be lucky . . . For instance, like Ed (Am I Built) Morgan, prexy of the State stoogent body. 'Tis revealed that Moron runs off the mimeographed "exes" for the profs.

Of course, little Eddie might do his work blindfolded, but . . .

WE DOUBT IT!!!